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Volume 47 May 1997 Number 2

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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Cover photo: John Liberty Anderson and his two daughters, Priscilla Fay and Charlotta Frances "Lottie." See the story starting on page two, "Eli Skelton's Clan, Part II." *This photograph and others from the author's collection.*

FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

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FLASHBACK is published and mailed four times a year—the first week in February, May, August, and November. Articles for *Flashback* should be submitted 60 days before the publishing date of each issue. Acceptable articles will be published in the next available issue, provided there is space.

COPY to be printed in *Flashback* may be submitted in one of several ways: 1) furnished on computer disc, preferrably in WordPerfect for either Macintosh or a PC, 2) by e-mail to the editor at [dschaefe@comp.uark.edu] or [DES32@aol.com], or 3) cleanly typed copy that can be optically scanned. Text copy, photos, and artwork are all assembled on a computer. We welcome letters or e-mail messages that tell us of planned articles or inquire about Society activities.

Eli Skelton's Clan
Part II

by Dwain Skelton

Part II is continued from the February 1997 issue of *Flashback*. Anyone who wants more information about this family or who has information to share may contact Dwain Skelton, 28507 219th Street, Easton, KS 66020; telephone - (913) 773-8560.

Ancestry of Henry Eli Skelton's Father

Eli's father was Jonathan Robert "Bud" Skelton. He was born on 17 Aug 1860 in Washington Co., Ark. and died there on 23 May 1937.

On 18 April 1880, John Robert was married to Perlina Jane Stufflebeam in Reed Township, Washington Co., Ark. To that union was born: James Robert, 2 May 1881; Rebecca Elizabeth "Liz" Fields, Richardson, 18 Nov 1882; George Sherman, (3 Dec 1884 - 14 March 1886), Henry Eli, (21 Jul 1887 - 2 Jan 1986); John Harrison, 21 Apr 1889; William Harmon, 5 Feb 1892; Julia Burnetta "Sis" Stout, 14 Jul 1893; Laulie Belle "Lula" Stout, 15 Jan 1895; Walter Dewey, 27 Aug 1897; Neala, (17 Oct 1900 - 27 Aug 1901), and Altie Sutton, 17 Apr 1902.

John Robert Skelton's father was Robert James Skelton, born 1834 and died in 1882 in Washington Co., Ark. On 4 Sept 1859, he married Julia Ann Winkle, in Washington Co. To that union was born: Jonathan Robert, 17 Aug 1860 ; Mary Elizabeth Dockery, 29 Mar 1862; Lucinda Williams; Alfred S.; William; Henry; Nelson, 29 Aug 1875; Vina Nickell; and Cassana "Anna" Lemasters, Malott.

On 30 Jun 1876, Robert Skelton homesteaded 160 acres of land near Sunset in Washington Co.. Docu-

ment #4140 from the Harrison Land Office shows he got SW 1/4 SE 1/4 and the SE 1/4 SW 1/4 Section 1, and the NW 1/4 NE 1/4 and the NE 1/4 NW 1/4 of Section 12, all in Township 13 N, Range 29 W. Robert also put one of his father, Ralph's, Bounty Land Warrants on SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Section 22, Township 15 N, Range 30 W.

Robert Skelton fought in the Civil War. He enlisted on 14 Jun 1862 into Company D, 1st Arkansas Cavalry (Union). Very little information is available about his military service.

Robert's father was Ralph Skelton, born at John's Creek, Union Co., S.C. on 16 May 1787 and died in Washington Co., Ark. on 30 Mar 1862. Ralph was twice married, first to Fanny Lathom of Knox Co., Indiana Territory, on 16 Jan 1810 and second, ca. 1825, in Washing-

This picture was taken about 1905/06 in front of Jonathan Robert Skelton's house. From left to right: Jonathan Robert "Bud" Shelton; Altie; Perlina Jane (Stufflebeam); Walter Dewey; Julia Burnetta "Sis"; Laulie Belle "Lula"; Rebecca Elizabeth "Liz"; John Harrison; William Harmon, Myrtle (Shackelford), the wife of James Robert and she is holding daughter, Doris; Doran, holding hand of his father, James Robert; and Henry Eli.

ton, Hempstead Co., Ark. to Cassania Conner, also born in Indiana Territory. To those unions were born fourteen children, all supposedly in Washington Co., Ark: Jonathan L., [1818]; Martha Jane Males, [1822]; Permelia Steele, 25 Sept 1825; William M., 1828; Martha Angelina Osborn, Hobbs, 9 May 1830; Sarah Phelan, 1832; Robert, 1834; Prudence Phelan, 1836; Alfred D., 1839; Mary A. Brashears, 1840; Phoebe Winkle, 1842; Jacob, 1845; Elizabeth Jane Reed, 1849; and Katherine Winkle, 1852.

Ralph Skelton served in the Indiana Militia from 11 Aug to 12 Sept during the War of 1812. He was commanded by Captain Montgomery who served under General William H. Harrison. He received Bounty Land Warrants #84,069 for 40 acres and #38,875 for 120 acres. The 40-acre warrant was issued 9 Mar 1853 to his son Robert Skelton. Ralph's widow applied for a pension (application #33,782) on 28 Nov 1878 and received certificate #26,403. It was last paid at $12 to 4 Nov 1900. Cassania (Conner) Skelton died about 16 Nov 1900.

Ralph was born in Union District of South Carolina, migrated through Pendleton District 1789-1791, through Elbert County, Ga. 1792-1803, through Warren Co., Ky. 1804-1807, through Knox (now Gibson) Co., Indiana Territory, 1807-1816, where he married Fanny Lathom on 16 Jan 1810, to the area now known as Washington Co., Ark. about 1816, where Fanny Skelton died about 1824-25.

Ralph appears in the 1823-1829 Arkansas Sheriff's Census and the 1830 and 1840 Washington County Federal Census.

Ralph Skelton is buried in Baptist Ford Cemetery, just south of Greenland. Cassania is buried in the Sunset Cemetery, about seven miles east of Winslow, both in Washington Co., and Fanny's grave site is unknown.

Ralph's father was William Skelton [1745-1825] of Virginia. In about 1767 he married Sarah ( ). To that

union was born eleven children: Jacob, (1768 - 23 Sept 1853); Prudence, 16 Apr 1770; John, (1774 - 5 Dec 1827); James, (1781 - Nov 1814); Mary Scales, 17 Apr 1782; Zachariah, (24 Sept 1784 - 22 Dec 1856); Ralph, (16 Mar 1787 - 30 Mar 1862); William Jr., [1789]; and Robert, (1794 - 15 Mar 1853).

The Skelton family lived in Union Co., S.C. from 1767 until some years after the Revolutionary War ended. The 1790 South Carolina Census for the 96th District shows a William Skelton in Pendleton County with 1 male 16 and up, 4 males under 16, and 3 females. That fits the William Skelton Family very closely. They moved from there [1792] to Elbert Co., Ga. In 1804 they were in Warren Co., Ky. They are documented in what is now Gibson Co., Ind. from 1807-1816. Sarah died soon thereafter and William was with his son, Zachariah, in Warrick Co., Ind. for the 1820 census. He probably died there [1825].

There is a William Skelton in the *List of Colonial Soldiers of Virginia*. Is that our William? Is he also the one listed in the South Carolina Roster, Patriot Index Supplement for Revolutionary War Veterans? Is our William the one who served with the South Carolina Militia?

Ancestry of Priscilla Fay Anderson's Father

Priscilla Fay's father was John Liberty "Lib" Anderson. He was born in Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo. on 4 Jul 1859 and died in the same county on 18 Mar 1932. John L. was twice married. First, to Alice Rose "Rosalea" Kinkead on 5 Oct 1884. To that union was born Charles Rupert on 11 Aug 1885. John L. and Rosalea divorced.

His second marriage was to Mary Ellen "Ella" (Pierson) Anderson, the widow of his brother William S. Anderson. To that union was born: Priscilla Fay Skelton,

Four generations are shown in this picture taken about 1920 at Black Oak, Ark. Left to right are Donald Skelton, son of Priscilla Fay and Eli Skelton; Priscilla Fay (Anderson) Skelton; her father, John Liberty Anderson; Liberty's mother, Elizabeth Jane (Montgomery) Anderson. In front is Donald's brother, Arthur Skelton.

15 Jun 1895, and Charlotta "Lottie" Frances Skelton, 8 May 1897, both near Hatfield, Harrison Co., Mo. Fay and Lottie married brothers from Washington Co., Ark.

John Liberty Anderson is buried in the Masonic Cemetery just northeast of Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo. Ella Pierson is buried in the City Cemetery at Enid, Garfield Co., Okla.

John L. Anderson's father was Peyton Tunstal "P.T." Anderson. P.T. was born 18 Apr 1834, in Hart Co., Ky. and died 27 Sept 1909, in Harrison County, Mo. On 10 Oct 1858, he married Elizabeth Jane Montgomery. She was born 14 Apr 1840 in Barren Co., Ky. and died 6 Dec 1923, in Harrison Co., Mo. To that union was born: John Liberty, 4 Jul 1859; Sarah Rebecca Baultin,

Hendren, 19 Sept 1861; William Simpson, 12 Apr 1866; Laura Peach Hart, 16 Jan 1888; Martha Mae Melbourne, 21 Dec 1869; unnamed infant daughter, 12 Feb 1872; Samuel, 9 Feb 1873; Peyton Tunstal II, 28 Feb 1875; Omer, (22 Jan 1877 - 25 Feb 1877); Aylett Raines, 3 Oct 1878; Minnie Ethel, (20 Dec 1880 - 25 March 1882); and Frances Wyant, 15 Mar 1883. All those children were born in Harrison Co., Mo.

Both Peyton Tunstal and Elizabeth Jane Anderson are buried in the Masonic Cemetery, northeast of Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo.

P.T. Anderson's father was William Anderson of Barren/Hart Co., Ky. He was born on 11 Jan 1809 and died in Harrison Co., Mo., on 9 Aug 1883. William was twice married. His first marriage was on 27 Jan 1831, to Rebecca Dale of Barren Co., Ky., born 25 Apr 1811. To that union was born: Deytha M., 11 Nov 1831; Peyton Tunstal, 18 Apr 1834; Sarah Ann, 15 Oct 1837; Frances Hammer, 3 Oct 1840; John, 12 Mar 1843; Joseph, 4 Feb 1846; Hiram J., 4 Apr 1848; Elanor Josephine, (20 Oct 1851 - 20 Jan 1854); and Samuel, 15 May 1854. Sarah Jane, a slave, belonging to William and Rebecca Anderson, was born 24 Nov 1854. All those children were born in Barren/Hart Co., Ky. Rebecca (Dale) Anderson died on 29 Nov 1857.

Family legend has it that the Andersons, Montgomerys, and Dales migrated by wagon train from Hart and Barren Counties in Kentucky to Harrison Co., Mo. in 1855. In the possessions of William and Rebecca Anderson was a slave woman and her two youngsters, Henry and Sarah Jane.

William Anderson's second marriage [1860] was to Malinda Hicks, born 11 Apr 1842 in Ind. To that union was born: Flora Belle Young, 9 Nov 1861; William A. "Bink," 11 Dec 1866; Lovell, 10 Dec 1868; and Cora

Jensen, 11 Sept 1875. Malinda (Hicks) Anderson died 14 Aug 1884.

William and his two wives are buried in the Masonic Cemetery northeast of Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo.

William Anderson's father was Samuel Anderson. He was born 9 Dec 1781 in Virginia and died 30 Jun 1858, in Harrison Co., Mo. Samuel was married, on 27 Mar 1803, to Diana Bell [Jernimer]. She was born 6 May 1785 in Virginia and died Nov 1853 in Harrison Co., Mo. To that union was born: Sina Smith, 5 Jun 1804; David M., [1805]; William [M.], 11 Jan 1809; Samuel B., 19 Apr 1811; Eliza Ann Smith, 10 May 1812; and Steven, 10 May 1814. All those children were born in Barren Co., Ky.

Samuel and Diana Bell Anderson are buried in unmarked graves on the "Jenkins Farm," owned in 1970 by Ivan Emerson, 3 miles north of Blythedale, Harrison Co., Mo. In 1956 the headstones were moved to the family plot in the Masonic Cemetery northeast of Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo.

The search is on "hot and heavy" for the parents of Samuel Anderson. If Diana Bell's maiden name was Jernimer, then perhaps we can find her parents in Virginia and at least narrow down the scope of our effort.

Family legend has it, the first Anderson, possibly also named Samuel, came from Scotland and returned there before he died. He was an officer in the Colonial Army, saw service in the Revolutionary War, and helped fight the Mohawk Indians. He raised a family of fourteen, three of which were: Jonathan, Quintilla and Samuel (1781-1858).

In the Augusta Co., Va. Court Records for 20 Feb 1776: (99) Administration of estate of Thomas Anderson granted to Samuel Anderson & William Anderson, the father Samuel Anderson, having refused. Are these our ancestors?

One of the big problems in working with documents in Kentucky is that the entire state was once Kentucky Co., Va. Barren Co., Ky. was organized in 1798 from parts of Green and Warren Counties, which were formed in 1793 and 1797 respectively, from parts of Logan, Lincoln, and Nelson Counties. Barren County was then trimmed down in size when Allen County was formed on the southwest in 1815, Hart County on the north in 1819, Monroe County on the southeast in 1820, and Metcalfe County on the east in 1860. Therefore, a family living on the same spot of ground, from 1780- 1820, could have been recorded in Kentucky Co., Va; Barren Co., Ky.; and Hart Co., Ky., without ever moving.

As of the 1830 census, we found no Andersons in Hart County. By 1840, William and his brother Samuel B. had both moved there from Barren County.

Ancestry of Henry Eli Skelton's Mother

Eli's mother was Perlina Jane (Stufflebeam) Skelton. She was born on 26 Jan 1863 in Madison Co., Ark. and died in Washington Co., Ark. on 10 Apr 1945. On 18 Apr 1880, she was married to Jonathan Robert Skelton in Reed Township, Washington Co.. To that union was born: James Robert, 2 May 1881; Rebecca Elizabeth "Liz" Fields, Richardson, 18 Nov 1882; George Sherman, (3 Dec 1884 - 14 Mar 1886), Henry Eli, (21 Jul 1887 - 2 Jan 1986); John Harrison, 21 Apr 1889; William Harmon, 5 Feb 1892; Julia Burnetta "Sis" Stout, 14 Jul 1893, Laulie Belle "Lula" Stout, 15 Jan 1895; Walter Dewey, 27 Aug 1897; Neala, (17 Oct 1900 - 27 Aug 1901); and Altie Sutton, 17 Apr 1902.

Perlina's father was William Asbury Stufflebeam. He was born in Kentucky in 1836 and died 22 Feb 1863 at Fayetteville, Ark. On 26 Aug 1860 William married Rebecca Reed of Washington Co. Jehu S. Murrin per-

formed that ceremony. To that union was born only one child: Perlina Jane, on 26 Jan 1863. For more detailed information on the rich history surrounding Rebecca Reed, the reader is referred to "The Legend of 'Granny' Fraley" published in the February 1996 issue of *Flashback*.

William Asbury Stufflebeam served and died in the Civil War. On 7 Jan 1863, he enlisted, at Fayetteville into "I" Company, 1st Arkansas Cavalry Regiment (Union). Twenty seven days after his daughter, Perlina Jane, was born, he died of typhoid fever. Very possibly he never saw his baby girl. The location of his grave remains unknown to this day.

William's father was Richard H. Stufflebeam. He was born ca. 1804 in Kentucky. His wife, Mary ( ) was born ca. 1812 in Kentucky. They were married prior to 1835. To that union was born: William Asbury, 1836; James, 1837; Jacob G., 1839; Merida, 1844; Houston P., 1847; Lina, 1850; and Hiram E., 1852. All those children were born in Kentucky. That would indicate the Stufflebeam family migrated to Madison Co., Ark. sometime between 1852 and 1860.

Richard H. Stufflebeam homesteaded 160 acres in Madison Co., Ark. in Feb 1884. The homestead is recorded in Arkansas Land Patents - page 129, Madison Co. The legal description was: W 1/2 SE 1/4, and the E 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 27, Township 14 N, Range 28 W.

We aren't certain who Richard's father was. However, in the 1840 Kentucky census for Estill County we find a Richard Stufflebeen, between 20 and 30 years of age, with a wife between 20 and 30 years of age, with 3 male children under 5, and a Revolutionary War veteran named John Stufflebeen living with them who was 101. That would make him born in 1739.

There was a Revolutionary War Veteran named John Stufflebeam, living in Estill Co., Ky, ca. 1830. He filed for

a pension 1832-33. His application indicates he was born near Albany, N.Y., lived near the Pennsylvania and New Jersey border and was a member of the Pennsylvania Line. He was taken prisoner by the Indians and British, held near Niagara Falls and at Detroit, with five others, for about two years and nine months until he was able to escape and go to Kentucky. On 30 Aug 1832, when he filed for his pension, he said he was 80 years old.

In 1792-93, near Paris, Bourbon Co., Ky., John married Elsee (Larrison), widow of Joseph Ketchum. To that union was born ten children. Only Jacob, born 1801, living in Illinois, is mentioned. John and Elsee went to Illinois to live with him.

Was there another John Stufflebean in Estill County, Kentucky in the 1830-40 timeframe?

Ancestry of Priscilla Fay Anderson's Mother

Priscilla Fay's mother, Mary Ellen "Ella" (Pierson) Anderson, was born 18 Aug 1868 in Harrison Co., Mo. She died 12 Feb 1932 in Enid, Garfield Co., Okla. and was buried there. Ella was married five times.

Her first marriage was to William Simpson Anderson in Harrison Co., Mo. They had two daughters: Ethel Mara Barnett, and Laura Ruth (25 Apr 1893 - 7 Jan 1896). William S. Anderson was a school teacher. He died, in Harrison Co., Mo., in 1892, at the age of 26, from diabetes.

Ella's second marriage was to John Liberty "Lib" Anderson. John Liberty was the brother of William S. Anderson, deceased. That marriage took place on 5 Apr 1894 in Harrison Co., Mo. To that union was born two more daughters; Priscilla Fay Skelton, 15 Jun 1895, and Charlotta "Lottie" Frances Skelton, 8 May 1897. Fay and Lottie married brothers.

Ella and Lib divorced. He died in Bethany, Mo. on

18 Mar 1932 and was buried in the Masonic Cemetery northeast of Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo.

Her third marriage was to Wilbur Haroff in Missouri. To that union was born two sons in Harrison Co., Mo., and another daughter, after moving to Washington Co., Ark. They were: Demarre Pierson, 1 Dec 1901; Wilbur Deleo, 31 Dec 1906; and Eudie Grace, 28 Feb 1910. Wilbur left Ella while she was pregnant with Grace and did not return until about a year after the baby was born. Mary Ellen and Wilbur divorced.

While she was married to Wilbur Haroff, in 1907, Ella, her husband and six children moved from Harrison Co., Mo. to Washington Co., Ark. She used money her father had given her to buy 40 acres in Missouri which she traded for 80 acres on top of the mountain at Black Oak. When Wilbur left her she could not make a go of it and sold the eighty to Frank Hitchcock. With what little money she had she bought a cafe in Winslow, Ark. Priscilla Fay was working in that cafe when she and Eli decided to get married.

Ella's fourth marriage was to Lauriston "Larry" B. Dawn of Hazel Valley, Washington Co., Ark. They had no children, but L.B. Dawn adopted Pierson, Deleo, and Grace Haroff. Ella and Larry moved to Chester, Crawford Co., Ark. where he died of a long term illness. He is buried in the Chester Cemetery.

Her fifth marriage was to Samuel Kirk. They lived on a farm west of Chester. They had no children. Mr. Kirk also died. Some years later, in 1925, Ella moved to Enid, Okla. where she remained until she died on 12 Feb 1932.

Mary Ellen Pierson's father was George Francis Pierson. He was born 1 Oct 1829 in Vienna, Scott Co., Ind. and died 30 Apr 1909 in Ridgeway, Harrison Co., Mo. He first married Priscilla J. Mallatt, ca. 1855, who

died 15 Nov 1880 and later Mary Anna Green, ca. 1882, who, after his death, married Charles B. Hunsicker on 15 Nov 1917. George F., Priscilla J., and Mary Anna are all buried in the [Highland] Cemetery, five miles west of Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo., on State road M.

In 1898, George F. Pierson listed his children as: Louisa J., 22 Jul 1858; George P., 9 Apr 1867; Mary Ellen, 18 Aug 1869; Andrew Demarre, 7 Mar 1883; Clara F., 11 Sept 1885; William D., 4 May 1888; and Katherine C., 30 Aug 1896. It looks like he had three by Priscilla Mallatt and four by Mary Anna Green.

George F. Pierson served in the Civil War. He was enlisted at Bethany, Harrison Co., Mo. on 14 Aug 1861, discharged 4 Nov 1861 at Benton Barracks, Mo., reenlisted 28 Mar 1862, and again discharged at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. on 11 Jan 1866.

He was injured, on 9 Jun 1865, when his horse fell on him while on duty "fighting the Indians" at Little Arkansas River Ranch in Kansas. On 8 Nov 1887, he applied for and received an invalid pension (application #628,320) (certificate #489,880). On 21 Apr 1910, his widow, Mary Anna (Green) Pierson, applied for and received a widow's pension (application #940,585) (certificate #704,478).

George Francis entered the service as a private and was discharged as a corporal. He summed up his years in the Army as serving in southwest Missouri, northwest Arkansas and chasing Indians in Kansas.

George Francis' father was Henry Clinch Pierson. He was born about 1807 and died on 25 Nov 1842 in Scott Co., Ind. His wife was Louisa Hazzard. They were married by Henry Crafton on 31 Mar 1825. The marriage is recorded in *Scott Co., Ind., Marriages 1820 - 1840*, pages 58-59. To that union was born: Charlotte "Lottie" Johnson, Ca. 1826; Rachel Ulmer, ca. 1828; George Francis, 1 Oct

1829; Andrew Jackson, 17 Nov 1830; Henry Clinch Jr., 1 Mar 1832; Mary, 13 Nov 1837; William D. "Will," 11 Apr 1843; and possibly Sarah, who married Charles Wardell. Henry was a cabinetmaker.

Henry Clinch's father was Shadrach Pierson, one of triplets. He was born in 1754 in Culpepper Co., Va. and died on 8 Mar 1843 in Scott Co., Ind. On 23 Aug 1781 he married Rachel Clinch of Culpepper Co., Va. Rachel was born 18 Jul 1762 and died 20 Mar 1826, in Scott Co., Ind.

To that union was born: Casendoneia, ca. 1805 and Henry Clinch, ca. 1807. Some researchers believe there may have been a second marriage to Bellamy George and as many as ten children total.

Shadrach and Meshack served in the Revolutionary War. No record has yet been found for Abednego. Shadrach's military file with the National Archives is S35551 and Meshack's is S35555. Shadrach was issued Bounty Land Warrants for his service, #13,609 and #14,129. #14,129 was issued on 8 Aug 1795.

In 1810 Shadrach Pierson was enumerated in the Bourbon Co., Ky. census. On 3 Aug 1818, he applied for a military pension from Scott Co., Ky. He was 64 and wife Rachel was 58. By 1820 he was back in Bourbon Co., Ky. with a wife and nine children under 25 years of age still at home. In 1826 he had moved to Scott Co., Ind. where Rachel died. In 1830 he was on the Scott Co., Ind. census.

The State Library at Richmond, Va. holds an affidavit filed by Shadrach Pierson, in 1813, detailing much of his Revolutionary War service. At that time he was living in Bourbon Co., Ky. Under oath, he declared he enlisted in 1775 as a soldier in the county of Culpepper, Va., where he was born and raised, to serve one year. After that year he was discharged. In August 1776 he enlisted to serve three years. He was taken prisoner at Charleston, S.C., escaped and worked his way back to Virginia

where he joined the Marquis Lafayette and fought in the battle of Yorktown. After that he was discharged again. Some of the major battles he claims to have participated in, were: Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Mud Island, Fort Monmouth, and Stony Point.

Shadrach was buried in the Craig Cemetery, Vienna Township, Scott Co., Ind. The old graveyard is located about one mile north of Scottsburg and about one-half mile west of U.S. Highway 31. It is surrounded by a thick grove of pines and other trees. It is in the exact center of the mile square section, and there is no road leading back to it. It is located on land originally owned by James W. Craig (1783-1856), who is buried there also. Shadrach's unmarked grave is said to be located at the foot of Jonathan C. "Doc" Johnson's grave.

Since they were not able to get access to the Craig Cemetery, the D.A.R. erected a stone for Shadrach, next to his grandson's, at the Zoah Christian Church Cemetery, three miles northwest of Scottsburg, Scott Co., Ind.

Shadrach's father is thought to have been Charles Pierson, born in 1726. The National Archives holds military records on a Revolutionary War soldier, Charles Pierson, file S3695. He was born in Brunswick Co., Va.

Charles' father is thought to have been Michael Pierson, born [1694] and died 1781. Michael's wife was Ann, born [1698].

In *Daughters of the American Colonists, Vol. 1*, pages 235 236, is listed a Henry Pierson [1678], married 1702 Abigail Ludlow, was the town clerk of Southampton, Long Island, N.Y. He was born in England.

Family legend has it the Piersons came from Sheffield, England. Could this Henry be an uncle or even father to Michael?

Note: dates in brackets [1826] are a current best guess. ❖

Surviving World War II As a B-24 Pilot

by Keith Newhouse

My war experience lasted 37 months, almost to the day. The most important lesson I was forced to learn is that at the time of its happening you don't know if it is good luck or bad luck in the good Lord's overall plan for you.

Jean and I were married March 29, 1941. We were very aware of the terrible events happening in Europe, but until the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, we were still uncertain how the United States would be involved.

That infamous date changed everything. I was a targeted draft choice, married but no children, with a low number. The Army Air Corps was offering $500 a year to join their reserve--tests to give one a chance to become a pilot, or a flying officer, bombardier, or navigator. By joining, one surely wouldn't wind up in the infantry. I admired our fighting troops but had no desire to serve with them.

In March, 1942, I signed on, passed all the exams and was to ship out in May. The art studio I was working with gave me a smashing going-away party. I was ready, but training was backed-up, so I kept getting delay orders until September.

A large contingency of us "volunteers" were shipped from the Dearborn Railroad station in Chicago, during the hottest September of recent record. We were stuck on rolling stock of the early 1900s. No air conditioning, of course, but those patchy plush seats were scratchy--itchy horsehair. We found we were bound for a brand new camp in Memphis, but because we had no priorities, we were shunted aside on every occasion, for any excuse. With windows open, the dirt and cinders flew in until we felt covered with a paste. Ah, the new camp was new, the barracks smelling of raw lumber, and because these recruits came from all walks of life, some brought with them fleas, crabs, and lice.

The army's cure was to paint armpits and genitals with gentian purple. It was effective, and since everyone was affected, we were a colorful bunch when we hit the showers. Those little creatures chewing on one's self was a most unpleasant sensation.

Everyone had to take a physical under army supervision. Most of us were out of shape. I weighed around 200 pounds. So we were ordered to jog the mile to the examiner in 100° heat. Everyone was flunking, blowing out the blood pressure gauges. A senior medic was called in and quickly ascertained the problem, ordering rest in cool shade for a time to get back to normal.

I was shipped to Montgomery, Alabama, for basic training and orientation. Mostly, it was physical training and marching. By the end of two months I weighed 168 and was made a cadet officer which allowed me to march in front going past the reviewing stand of civilian guests. Jean had come down to enjoy a three-day pass as we finished. She couldn't believe what had taken place with her chubby husband!

From there I went to Ocala, Florida, for flight training as a pilot. One was supposed to solo within ten

hours or be washed out of the pilot's program. Training in the Southeast was run by civilians. I had the misfortune to have had four different trainers in my ten hours, so when a young fellow asked me why I hadn't soloed, he simply asked if I thought I could. I assured him I was ready and we went to a small grassy field where he let me fly him through a take-off and landing. He stepped out, leaving the biggest, emptiest cockpit in front of me and told me to take it around.

There was a tough cross wind blowing; I knew I had misjudged it as I touched down. I almost lost control, the left wing dipped down to start a ground loop, but I kicked in opposing rudder, watched the left bottom wing brush the grass, rammed the throttle forward–took off. Coming back around, I landed with correcting drift and rolled up to my new instructor. He rushed up to look at the lower wing tip and said, "It doesn't show! I'll not report this and pass you if you'll not say anything about it." He knew he had a safe bet. I soloed in my tenth hour.

Cadet Keith Newhouse

Next, on to Augusta, Georgia, for basic flying in a Vultee BT-13A, a low-wing monoplane. The flaps were hand-operated and the variable pitch propellor allowed us to roar the plane as we went over the barracks while practicing night flying and cross-country navigation. On a lovely Sunday afternoon, I was on the final leg of a triangle course, when the cockpit filled with smoke. I'd blown one cylinder and thought I was burning up. I threw back the canopy, had one leg over the side to

jump, when I realized I still had some power, but was losing altitude. I decided to try an emergency landing, selected a cotton field and put 'er down with no field left as I approached a precipitous drop-off. Closing everything down, I waited for some rescuers from the home field. Meanwhile, the farmer in whose field I had landed asked the cadet hero to join the family in Sunday dinner. I was most grateful for everything.

From Augusta I went to Albany, Georgia, for twin-engine instruction. Here I finally got under Air Corps instructors, flying the AT-10, the twin-engine "flying boxcar," which was impossible to land smoothly. You only made a good recovery. We buddied up to practice "bumps and circuits" as the RAF boys put it.

Coming in one time, my buddy and I couldn't get the landing gear to show as locked in place. We flew by the tower a couple of times. They assured us things looked good, so "Come on, land!" I greased the thing in on the first third of the runway, turned off the main runway and started toward the tower. As I got in front of it to turn toward the parking area, the landing gear gave way; it had not locked. The nose came down and the two propellors became large cake-mixers, churning into the concrete. The tower took the blame; I lucked out.

Weather had been so good we finished training for our wings in Class 43-E. I got checked out in an AT-9 twin-engine trainer that had proved too dangerous for routine. We'd check out landing by pulling over the edge of the runway, chop throttles and dive like a brick to flare out in a spectacular landing. We had three AT-6 single engine North American beauties. I got a couple hours of time in them, flying for the fun of acrobatics. That's when we heard the single-engine pursuit boys were flying at Eglin Field in Florida to pass gunnery requirements. Three of us flew down to compete in the finals.

What a "ragging" we "truck drivers" took when we arrived the night before! Our only defense was to tell those jockeys they couldn't learn to taxi our aircraft in less than four hours.

At noon the next day the shooting scores were posted. We three multi-engine boys were top scorers 1-2-3 for the three days of marksmanship. The silence among the hot "pilotos" was deafening.

As a part of our graduation as Class 43-E, while receiving our wings, a major flew an AT-6 down from Wright Field, Ohio. He gave us a very stirring lecture on patriotism and our responsibilities as pilots, especially regarding air safety. When he flew out he showed us a fine buzzing job, coming across Turner Field just inches off the concrete. He seemed to have forgotten the rising hill at the end of the runway and plowed up several hundred yards of Georgia landscape, thus killing himself and destroying a fine airplane. What a demonstration for safety!

We went on to Smyrna, Tennessee, for four-engine transition training. Weather was hot and humid. We flew in our shorts and sweated gallons in the aluminum cockpits heated by 100°-plus sitting on the runways. We were in the air 50-60 hours a week as there was a hurry-up call for qualified four-engine pilots all over the globe.

Instrument flying was emphasized here, so I was given a final check by a brand new shavetail, very impressed with his authority. Things were going well when I was suddenly thrown out of automatic instruments and trying to fly on minimum needle-ball airspeed. Try as I might, I was unable to trim the ship into any semblance of controlled flight. I felt down to the trim tab wheel and found it being juggled around by the SOB examiner. I told him in no uncertain terms that I didn't appreciate his tactics. Shortly after, he ordered us

Original crew, back row, left to right: Joseph Kobel, waist gunner; Joseph Ravetti, tail gunner; Malcolm Wentz, radio operator; Ed Twogood, waist gunner; John Hallick, ball turret gunner; L. E. Willhite, flight engineer. Front row: Keith Newhouse, pilot; Harold Smith, co-pilot; Louis Bober, navigator; Will Simpson, bombardier.

back to the ground where I found he had washed me out for poor reaction to an emergency.

Luckily, I was given a re-exam by a seasoned major. I told him what had occurred and my flight with him proved I knew instrument flying. I passed easily.

So, on to Boise, Idaho, to collect my original crew and gain further experience as commander of a B-24. Two incidents stand out in my memory of 54 years ago. New people reported to me at odd hours on the flight line. First was the flight engineer, a kid 19 years old with a crooked face in a perpetual sneer because of an early bout with polio. He went by his initials, "L. E." Wilhite, Jr. Something about his eagerness to learn and his acceptance of full responsibility to keep the ship flying made us respectful of each other from day one. Lou

Bober was the second to show up as navigator. He was a little Jewish fellow who looked smaller in his leather flying suit and carrying all his navigational gear in a suitcase. We hit it off immediately because of his sense of humor, his philosophy, and his math ability. He had been an actuary in real life, but more about him later.

Malcolm Wentz became our radio operator. He had been a food retailer in Anaheim, California, in charge of a big chain store. A most sincere, hard-working type in his 30s, he really knew his equipment and codes. The crew made him the butt of some of their jokes, which he took in good humor.

Wentz was our one seriously wounded crew member. As soon as we could, every fly-boy bought himself an English bike. Its braking system, very effective, was from the front handlebars. The crew one evening got a pass to go into Norwich for a few brews. Coming back to base, they wheeled down a gravel road. The speed accelerated until Wentz decided to slow down. Not used to the efficiency of the brakes, he went hurtling over the front wheel, face down into the gravel. Umpteen stitches were required to put back his nose, upper lip, forehead, and repair his hands. He missed our first 13 missions!

The waist gunners, Twogood and Kobel, checked in next. One cold, windy, miserable night, a fighter pilot trudged in as we were practicing night "bumps and circuits." He'd just found out he was a co-pilot on a damned boxcar. Harold "Jim" "Smitty" Smith had all the reasons to be p.o.'d with his assignment, especially when I told him, as his first task in this ugly bitch, was to keep his hands in his pockets, don't touch anything; the first engineer would handle his duties. Smitty followed orders, but fumed and stewed for the next couple of hours.

When we finished our stint on the line, I took my disgruntled assignee to the officers' lounge and sympa-

thized with him, assuring him I had had nothing to do with his orders. If there was something about me or the crew he found distasteful, I could refuse him, but that would only send him to a pool assignment elsewhere in heavy bombardment. He was stuck. I liked his dry, New England wit and accent. He developed into a most loyal and true friend. We still keep in touch.

Our last members were Will Simpson, bombardier; Bruno Ravetti, tail gunner; and John Halleck, ball turret gunner. Ravetti was a tough, wiry little Italian whose last civilian job was bartender at a "blood and guts" saloon in New Joisey. He was the old man at 35, but a big help observing the engines in flight and any fighters coming in. Halleck was pulled for radio school before we went overseas. A Mexican, Torres, filled in.

We settled in as a crew; I think we all began to feel we'd been pretty lucky. The one day we were sent on a low-level strafing mission, ordered to fly at 500 feet or lower, down a canyon with targets on the hill sides, and discharge hundreds of rounds from every gun position. We were not to return until all the 50-calibers were spent. A B-24 was never meant to perform such duty. We never repeated this stupid maneuver again throughout our combat sorties. But orders are orders. I made the first pass in the 100° temperature and realized the thermals from every little shady spot made this the roughest ride ever. As I turned to go back up the run, I couldn't believe the silence from the gun positions. I sent Smitty back to find out what was going on. He called back that all the crew were pale white and had puked in all the ammo boxes. I asked him how he felt; he answered "Fine." So I asked him to fire off as many rounds as he could, then come forward to take over the flying and I'd see what I could do.

So we got rid of the rounds, got a kind of morose kick

out of the exercise, but we were glad we never had to do it again. The crew was embarrassed beyond apologies.

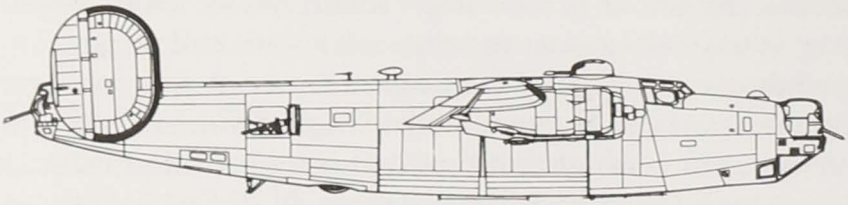
The next stop—and I mean a real stop of five months—was at Wendover, Utah, about 110 miles directly west of Salt Lake City, the worst airfield I was ever assigned to. The air corps had put the field immediately at the base of a mountain that rose out of those salt flats. Nature had left the scene centuries earlier; no birds, no animals, no vegetation. The only tree was in a pot outside the officers' club. Just miles of salt flats, white, unrelenting glare, merciless, monotonous—hotter than hot when hot, colder than cold when the north winds blew.

The last complete bomb group was being formed and trained to go overseas as a unit: the 467th Bomb Group. Formation flying and bombing was the routine. The man in charge had flown at Corregidor and brought McArthur, his wife and son out to Australia. A fighter pilot, he'd flown a lot of combat in the Philip-pines and was suffering from combat fatigue. After two months it became obvious that he was too "flak happy" to perform his duties. He was relieved by Colonel Al Shower, a West Point graduate, one eager beaver, happy to gain his first command.

Having to go through three more months of training in that hole sounded like bad luck, but really was disguised good luck. If we had gone in September-October of '43, we'd have gotten into those first daylight bombings by the Eighth Air Force when casualties were high. A very lucky few made the 25 missions required for a tour.

Several of the pilots at Wendover had flown many hours on submarine patrol in the Caribbean and along the Atlantic Coast. Col. Shower picked from those for his lead crews. Simpson, my bombardier, sized up the situation and established the best practice bombing record of the group. When I complained to him about

the unconscionable amount of time he was taking on his bomb runs, he let me know in no uncertain terms that once he took over with his bomb-sight, he was in command. My point was that he surely wasn't going to get those perfect runs in combat, nor was he going to be able to turn back and go over the run until it suited him. Well, he got what he was after: assignment to a lead crew. I was happy to be rid of him. His replacement was Sam Pittinger, a much more congenial fellow.



In January, 1944, we flew to Herrington, Kansas. Each crew got a brand new B-24J, directly from Ford's Willow Run, to fly overseas. We didn't yet know where, but there were strong rumors indicating the European Theatre. Immediate orders sent us to Miami.

One fine morning we were given sealed orders, directed to fly south toward Jamaica, open our orders an hour out to finally know our destination. We were ordered to Rackheath, a new base 90 miles northeast of London, the closest airfield to Fortress Europe. We were attached to the Eighth Air Force, the big leagues, one tough outfit.

Our route was Waller Field, Trinidad; Belem, Brazil (right on the equator, humid beyond belief, where the base personnel had a constant fight with mildew and fungus). Even flying in and out was a real challenge. Everywhere one could see rain clouds sucking up water to let loose a shower that closed the field for 20 to 40 minutes by deluge. In the morning we watched from

our take-off point as an overloaded B-26 tried to get airborne. On his third attempt, he chopped throttles too late, went off the end of the runway, burst into flames. The crew managed to get out with minimum burns. We took off through his pillar of smoke.

At Natal, we were told the two fronts we had to plow through to reach Africa were acting up, so we would be delayed for at least 48 hours. I decided to spend the afternoon reloading our plane. To this point, I'd been unable to "get 'er on the step" which meant we were getting lousy fuel consumption with our tail dragging. Luckily, we performed this task when we did because we were rousted out at two a.m. that night to fly to Dakar.

Lou, our navigator, did a marvelous job of putting us at our land fall at Bathhurst, just south of Dakar. We followed the coast through a red fog that really reduced visibility. The fog was red because of a terrific storm blowing the Sahara into the Atlantic Ocean. Wilhite kept reading the fuel gauges as best he could, they were so low. I put in a May Day call to Dakar to get clearance to land without flying a pattern. The tower at Dakar cleared us just as we spotted the field with its landing mats. The crew that gassed us said we were flying on fumes; we'd never have made it around the field.

A couple of personal notes: we'd been in the air for almost 14 hours, so we all made a beeline to the PX to refresh ourselves. Our change came back in French francs: all paper sheets, no coins. My next stop was for a nature call. The latrine was along a ditch with a pole over it. It was quite a feat to land one's bottom out over this arrangement. Once relieved, I realized there was no toilet paper! Some of those francs were 4"x6". Later, I figured it cost me about $2.75 to tidy myself up.

At bedtime, a most colorful troop of coal black Senegalese, all over 6' tall, in native costume, paraded

through the barracks to lay down a mist of DDT from Flit guns to keep the mosquitoes and insects at bay.

The next day, on the flight up to Marrakech, we lost two planes with full crews as we flew through the Atlas Mountains. Some of the clouds had solid centers, unfortunately. Our crew was grounded for ten days in this picturesque French colonial town while a fuel tank was flown in to be installed, replacing our leaky one.

We all went into town to buy some of the tourist lures. I went to the finest French shop in the main center, while members of the crew went into the Casbah or native quarters to get some real bargains by haggling with the so-called merchants there. Comparing prices actually paid, we found out the bargains were exactly the same price for my slippers, perfumes, etc. as their seemingly rather shoddy goods.

The flight up the coast past Spain, France, and into Prestwick, Scotland, was uneventful although we were fully armed and alerted for any enemy. We came into Scotland at a very low altitude under scud clouds, to spend the night there. Flying to Rackheath the next day was exciting. Seeing how many airfields there were, how close together, and learning sight navigation by the outline of farm fields, forest clumps and town shapes. One of our crews landed downwind at Rackheath. The pilot was immediately demoted to co-pilot.

In the first few days, Bober, our civilian actuary, got to see the casualty reports at Headquarters. He came to me one evening—said he was quitting. "No way can we get through 25 trips. It's suicide." I talked him out of it by arguing we'd had all that extra training, we were beginning to get fighter escort, and he sure didn't want to spend the rest of the war in Leavenworth, if he wasn't shot as a deserter. We found out later he could have gotten out of combat because we were all considered volun-

teers. But I was right about our group's formation boxes. The 467th attained the best bombing record in the 8th, with the fewest casualties, because our tight formations gave the Luftwaffe second thoughts about attacking us.

The next month or so was spent preparing for combat. The planes were modified with armour-plating around the cockpits. The first time sitting at the controls made one think of a coffin. Two-inch thick glass surrounded the flight deck. Later, pilot and co-pilot were draped with heavy flak vests and helmets which were mighty uncomfortable. Later on, I distinctly remember sighting a new ME-109 coming at us from twelve o'clock high, closing at 800 mph, riding his rudders, thus spraying our formation with 20-mm. tracers. All this protection melted away. I felt naked. Happily, these guys got one pass--over in seconds.

Our crew was operational on April 10, 1944. We went out on No. 2 to Oschersleben, Germany. A deep penetration, with no fighter escort, lots of flak over target, but our group was not attacked by fighters. Far up the line of bombers, watching some fluttering out of the sky, your inexperience reminded you of falling leaves, not reality.

Smitty and I went to London on our first three-day pass. The first night was so foggy you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. The Red Cross had a club two blocks from our hotel. We walked there by feeling the walls and proceeding with great caution. The second night Hitler began throwing V-1 rockets into London. It was about one a.m. We heard the sirens wailing, then a noise like a motor boat chugging across a lake; next, an ominous silence followed by a WUMP!! as it exploded where it fell. This kept up all night. It wasn't until the next day we found out what was going on. We never went back to London.

Churchill put up balloons with cables hanging down to ensnarl these things. The RAF would fly alongside and tip them over with a wing flip. But neither defense was very effective. The 8th Air Force started bombing the sites along the Calais coast. This was called a "no-ball" mission, which was some cricket term. I never learned its original meaning. To our combat crews it was a comparatively easy encounter—about a two-hour trip, formation of 12 planes, fly over the coast with sometimes tough flak, drop and come home.

On our 12th or 13th mission we got badly shot up. The ground crew counted more than 500 holes in fuselage and wings. The self-sealing wing tanks did their job as I watched holes appear, gas gush out and cut off. None of the engines quit, although there were oil leaks. We had to hand-crank the flaps down. The landing gear dropped into place. I managed a good landing, using all the runway and more. I applied brakes to slow us down, only to find I had none. The hydraulic lines were shot away.

We bumped off the end of the runway where the mud stopped us as it buried the wheels. Luckily, the landing gear held up. We all piled out, to find the only close call the crew had was Kobel's two holes in his flight suit's legs.

Our squadron commander came roaring up in his Jeep and started to ream me out for a dismal landing. He never apologized, but finally said I'd been transferred to another squadron to be made squadron lead pilot. We were all glad for the transfer, but not really thrilled about the lead position. That meant we would go only about every third or fourth mission. The sorties were getting easier with fighter escort, so they added five more, and finally 35 trips qualified for a tour. Ours were pro-rated to 33, and we flew our last one on August 12, 1944.

I never discovered who decided its fate, but the plane we flew that day was returned to active duty and not cannibalized for parts as we all bet it would be.

There were constant hazards we never discussed and tried not to think about. One was the weather over England and over Europe. Another was assembly—getting formed to fly in a line several miles long. A major effort like a trip to Berlin, Schweinfurt, Hamm or Hamburg might have bombers flying over a given exit or entry point for two and three hours.

Weather conditions for complete missions were decided from London. You realize how today's TV weathermen try to predict our day-to-day climate with much more sophisticated technology than was available in 1940-45. We often felt the brass flipped a coin as to what conditions would be, especially over targets in Europe.

Many times we'd be sent out to our planes when we couldn't see them across the field for fog or rain. Several times I swore that birds would be walking and use their wings to cover their heads to indicate, "Surely you're not going today?" At certain times of the year fog insured icing conditions to fly through to gain altitude for the assembly, or, worse yet, contrails would get so thick that groups would get mixed together in the clouds so formed. That infiltration resulted in crashed ships and whole crews killed.

In fog, as we took off at 50-second intervals, prop wash from the plane ahead confirmed our name for "Wallowing Wilbur." We'd shudder and shake to get airborne, with the wing dipping, flopping and tossing like a drunken elephant (Dumbo?). I never saw a crash on the runway, but it did send you off with a thrill you really didn't need.

Always the run from the interception point (IP) to the target was planned for eight to ten minutes, so the

bombardiers could sight for the drop, our most vulnerable time for flak. The fighters had cleared out to hit us coming off the target. The run was supposed to fly downwind. But suppose the winds had changed? I've seen headwinds of 200-300 mph at high altitude. The run goes on for 20-25 minutes, and we're sitting ducks! The gas consumption goes up, so some don't make it back to England!

My tour included a couple of unique involvements. For instance, on D-Day our crew was selected to fly a bunch of high brass up over the North Sea on a triangulated course during the morning to report weather conditions direct to Eisenhower's headquarters. They judged there would be an opening in the horrible storm over the channel that afternoon. This information gave Ike the confidence to proceed June 6, 1944 with the invasion. In the afternoon, we slow-timed some new engines on a bomber to get it up to combat readiness.

Another time, we went out with three three-ship elements to wipe out a bridge at Blois, France. It was the only time we were ever asked to bomb only on sight and to get the bridge at all costs. We peeled out from our main formation that went on to bomb an airfield further into France. Our crew led the first three. We kept lowering through scattered clouds to 2500 feet before we could clearly see the target. The three of us hit that bridge at either end and in the middle. No German was ever to retreat there. The 467th recelved a wing citation for a job well done. Col. Shower and Major Holdrege each got a Croix de Guerre from France. We nine crews got credit for another mission.

I know of only two missions to be written up in separate books. One was the infamous Ploesti oil field raid which was fouled up from beginning to end. The other was Mission 311 on the Hamm railroad marshalling

yards, equally snafu-ed from the start. We were on that one! The story is written as *The Night of the Intruders* by Ian McLachlan. My story is on pages 166-67 in the book. I'll highlight it here.

April 22, 1944 was the tragic date. Our group was briefed and had breakfast at 3:00 a.m. When we got out to the handstands the weather was abominable—bad! Before take-off time we were told to wait, but at our stations. All morning there was no let-up, but the mission was not scrubbed.

At noon we were allowed a lunch, but stayed on alert! It was close to three o'clock before the green flare came up from the tower. The mission was on. We knew by our time schedule we wouldn't leave the target area until dark!

That was enough trouble, but the leading outfit missed the original route and took us over the worst flak alley in all of Europe, the Ruhr Valley. By the time we arrived over Hamm, we were pretty well shot up. As we pulled away, it was dark enough that we split up into small elements. Groups got mixed together and all were just looking for the English coast. I was more or less on my own and decided to head for the White Cliffs of Dover to hit the glistening railroad lines that led right to our field at Rackheath.

Jerry had figured we were in trouble and came right in with us. His was a definite advantage. He enjoyed shooting fish in a barrel. This raid suffered the worst carnage the 8th endured. We were even shot down by the English ack-ack. Radio communication was all fouled up. Safety beacons were out of commission. It wasn't until we gained permission to land direct that we became aware of the bedlam. Our flaps were down and I'd pulled back the throttles when some guy came under me, taking me out of the pattern. I was giving him a

good cussing when the gunners screamed a Junkers was right on his tail and blew him out of the sky. It turned out to be Lt. Stalie C. Reid whose crew was in our officers' hut. Reid bunked right next to me.

As we pulled up to go 'round, I felt like I was in a windowless room full of maniacs swinging ball bats. I've never been so scared or so happy to end a mission.

When we finished our 33rd mission, the crew was shipped home by boat from Liverpool. I was kept on to fly fuel into France for Patton's Red Ball highway, his tank drive into Germany. If I landed at an American station, my delivery was pumped out in a couple of hours. If I was directed to a British outfit, the pumping took hours and hours because they insisted it be put into 5-gallon drums.

I also taught combat formation flying—a dull duty if there ever was one. A lot of the replacement pilots had more flying time than I had. They had been instructors or flying submarine patrol back home. I'd stand between the pilot and co-pilot on the lead plane's flight deck, looking back and telling the following aircraft to close in, make a tighter box.

One time I chose to bow out, after checking with my "student." He had about four times my flying hours, knew what was required and agreed to leave me off his manifest. I went into Norwich. When I came back to Rackheath, I was told so and so had been shot down that afternoon, was rescued out of the North Sea by the wonderful RAF air-sea rescue service. The top turret safety lock had failed to function, so the gunner had shot out the nose turret, killing bombardier and navigator and starting the ship on fire. Those bullets went right through the area where I'd have been standing. The experienced pilot put out a May Day call, managed a landing in the sea, but suffered some terrible burns. I

never heard "Boo" from anyone about the incident. I was shipped home shortly.

I met Jean in Chicago and together we visited my mother and father in St. Paul, Minnesota. They gave a returning hero's Thanksgiving dinner for about 30 folks. When we were all seated with overflowing plates of food, had said grace, someone had the audacity to ask, "Where is the turkey?" The 30-pound bird was still in the oven!

From there we went to Rest-and-Recreation at Miami for a couple of weeks. Over New Years 1944-45, we were sent to Tarrant Field at Fort Worth, Texas (two night's travel in the upper berth of a troop train). We were above average in size, so it was not comfortable in those confined quarters!

My command there was over 600 combat veterans, mostly long-service personnel from the Pacific. All of us were looking forward to our release. Getting out was based on combat points. The first group let go in May was posted, and I was 26th on a list of 25. A fellow airman decided to get his four hours of flight time in to qualify for that additional pay. Unfortunately for him, he chose the Vultee BT-13A to do acrobatics. The wings were held on by four bolts—two on each wing. The left wing tore off, he spun in, and I moved up to No. 25.

I was discharged at Fort Sheridan near Chicago. They asked me if I wanted to join the Air Reserve. I asked if they were going to give me the $1,500 I was promised when I joined the Air Corps. They, of course, told me that Congress in its wisdom had reneged on that contract. So I let them know I had no further interest in serving. Again, my luck held out or I'd have been called up for the Korean War. ❖

JOEL SATER DYER
1826 - 1913

by Forrest Dutton Poorman

What adventures would a sturdy young boy from Tennessee face when his father, mother, and sister joined his grandmother and other members of the Dyer family for a journey to far-away Northwest Arkansas? Would there be well marked wagon roads or would they have to blaze their own trail? Would there be Indian encounters, dangerous rivers to cross and wild animals to ward off? Would he be allowed to ride a horse, help with the oxen or be asked to hold the reins of one of the teams? What duties would an almost six-year-old be expected to perform? He was surely too young to carry a gun or herd the animals. Perhaps he fed the barnyard animals, fished the streams, gathered wood or even cared for his little sister Nancy Emily.

This young boy, Joel Sater, was born in Tennessee 19 November 1826. His parents, Elisha and Polly Dyer, had known the sorrow of losing their first son, James M., the year before. Choosing a name became a very important family tradition. Joel was chosen in honor of Elisha's younger brother. The parents reached back through the generations to Henry Sater, the new child's great, great grandfather, to give him a second name.

Henry was born in England in 1690. He came to the New World in 1709 as a 19-year-old. He became a very prosperous land owner in the area around Baltimore, Maryland. He was a religious man and always invited any visiting preacher to his home. He built a brick church with the help of his slaves in what is known today as Lutherville, Maryland. The Sater Baptist Church, exists today and has been in continuous use.

Henry's second wife was Dorcus, a beautiful young

daughter of his neighbor, William Towson. Dorcus's mother was Catherine Allen, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell. Henry and Dorcus had six children, one of them being Prudence. This spirited young girl would not take the advice of her parents and eloped with Benjamin Howard. One of their twelve children, Rebecca, married Caleb Dyer. This couple became Joel Sater's grandparents.

When Rebecca became a widow in 1821, she moved her family from North Carolina to Tennessee. Her eldest son, Benjamin, decided to take his family to Crawford County, Arkansas. Apparently, the plan was for the rest of the family to follow when the preparations were completed. Rebecca, who was 53 years old, undertook the trip with the help of their slaves; her boys Elisha 31, George Sater 27, Joel 24 and Caleb 22; daughters Betsy 28, Nancy Emily 21, Mary Louanna 18 and Rebecca Mira 17; grandchildren Joel Sater 5, Nancy Emily 2; and their mother Polly Townsley Dyer. It is assumed that Betsy's husband, William Mooney and their daughters, Mary and Rebecca, traveled with the group. Unfortunately, there is no family journal to tell us about the adventures encountered by the two teams as one traveled by flatboat and the other overland, herding their livestock.

The journey must have been very difficult, for hardly had they settled in the new land when Betsy died. The family was to lose their mother, Rebecca, and brothers Benjamin and Caleb. Sorrow struck Elisha and Polly again as they lost a daughter, Mary Margaret, at birth.

Young Joel Sater was to again experience pioneer traveling when his parents; sister Nancy E., Uncle Joel, and aunts Nancy Emily, Mary Louanna, and Rebecca Mira left their temporary home for the village of Hubbard, in Mountain Township, Washington County,

Arkansas. Elisha and Joel were farmers and began buying acreage. Hubbard was located in S7, T14N, R31W on what is now a county road that goes south from Prairie Grove. The area consists of low heavily wooded hills. Sulphur Creek traverses north and south through a broad valley.

Grove was about four miles to the north, Hogeye three miles toward the northwest, and Cane Hill approximately four miles westward.

Did the Dyer men bring with them the necessary skills to carve out a home in this frontier? Girdling trees was a technique of chopping deep notches around the base of trees, thus stopping the flow of sap. The trees immediately dropped their leaves, allowing the sunshine to reach the land and then planting the first crop could commence. Later the dead trees could be burned down, saving time and energy.

Some pioneers built a snug lean-to as a temporary home. If there were neighbors in the area, building a log cabin was a social affair. The typical cabin was about 16 by 22 feet with a sleeping loft above. Oiled paper often served as covering for the windows. Hinges, latches and handles were hand made of wood. Chimneys were made of logs, the spaces between logs and the inside of the chimney were plastered with clay mixed with cattail down or other suitable material. Floors were of half logs smoothed with hand tools.

Tables, chairs, benches, and beds were made of logs. The bed could be made comfortable by stretching strips of deer hide across the frame. A mattress was made of ticking filled with straw. Ticking filled with feathers could be used for warmth during the winter.

Typical meals would be corn bread, salt, or smoked pork, fish, venison, wild turkey, or any available wild game. Turnips, potatoes, and cabbage were common

vegetables. Wild fruit helped when they were in season. Honey was always a welcomed treat. Drinks at a meal could be evansroot (an erect perennial herb with pinnate leaves and a few nodding purple flowers), wheat or sassafras tea, coffee, or milk if available.

It has been difficult to find a history of the village of Hubbard. Lloyd 0. Warren's article, "The First Baptist Church in Washington County," in *Flashback* Vol 41, #1, February 1991, discusses the meeting places the Church encountered in the early 1840s. One mentioned often was the Union Schoolhouse. The building was only partially finished and for several years the Church instructed men to obtain the necessary planking. Red-ding Putman started the project and Oliver Spencer was to finish it by June of 1842. Members decided to build their own church near the Union Schoolhouse. It was completed in June of 1845. In a book on early schools, prepared by Retired Teachers of Washington County, it was stated that the Mountain Township must have trustees to supervise the school's lands and to supervise a school in the township. Those elected and filed bond in 1848-1850 were: Robert L. Pleasants, John Robinson, Redding Putman, Samuel H. Henderson, S. Reddick, James Marr, and E. Babb. There was a school located on a hill between New Sulphur and Hubbard. Perhaps this was the Union Schoolhouse. Robert L. Pleasants, one of the trustees, was the father-in-law of Tandy K. Kidd. He listed his occupation as a teacher in the early 1840s. In 1888-1889, a new school building was needed. However, the residents could not agree, so the district divided into three groups. New Sulphur received the new school. Very early maps indicate a school just south of the village of Hubbard.

Mr. Arvin Dobbs, an old timer in the area, lives in a home on a small hill facing the county road. He had been told that the Dyer family had lived in his home as

late as 1890. He indicated that the village of Hubbard had been located just below his home on Sulphur Creek. It contained a store, mill, blacksmith shop, post office, and a nearby school. One of the buildings on his property is an old school, but not the original building. In the waning days of Hubbard, just before the turn of the Century, Lewis N. Hodges sold eggs to Nelson Mallicoat for two-and-a-half cents a dozen. A short article on Hubbard was published in *FLASHBACK*, February 1966.

So the young Dyer children did not grow up in a wilderness. But they faced the hardships of pioneer living. Did Joel know what to do if one of his brothers or sister was bitten by a poisonous snake? The most frequent and easily accessible treatment was to make a poultice of saltpeter (an ingredient in gunpowder), tobacco, water, and mud and place it on the wound. Did his mother know the remedy of a pioneer Hoosier doctor who advocated putting ear wax on canker sores? Another treatment was to use goldthread, a low growing woodland plant having a white flower and slender yellow roots. The plant was also called "cankerroot."

According to the *Old Farmers Almanac, Western Edition 1995*, the plant, Saint-John's wort, was utilized in battlefields for over 2,000 years and was used extensively in the American Civil War. Today it is used in one of the experimental aids drugs. The woundwort, known as yarrow, was used to staunch the flow of blood during the Civil War. Other known plants are: mugwort, sneezewort, lungwort, barrenwort, birthwort, motherwort, moonwort, ragwort, soapwort, back or bruisewort, and coughwort. Home remedies were often as effective as store bought medicines.

By the time Joel Sater was 18 years old, his parents had buried six infants. The children who had survived were Nancy Emily 15, Francis Marion 9, William Perry 2,

and Trephonia nearly one. One wonders how women had the strength to manage the home and be a mother to her children when she was with child or recovering from a pregnancy almost continuously. The older children were all too often expected to be second parents. What could Polly really be feeling when her eldest daughter, Nancy Emily, married Tandy K. Kidd in 1848. Of course she would miss her, but surely her concern was for this daughter who would become an instant mother to the five Kidd children and would begin having her own children.

The next to leave the family was Joel Sater. On 20 March 1853, he married Laura Caroline Townsley. It has not been determined if Laura was related to her new mother-in-law, Mary (Polly) Townsley Dyer. The young couple continued to live on their farm nearby. They were to have four children. Mary A. was born in 1854, Lindsey Howard 27 March 1856, Malvina Adeline July of 1858, and Sarah Antonia March 1861. Their grandmother would not know Sarah, for Polly died 6 June 1860 at the age of 59 years and 7 days. She was buried in the Dyer Family Cemetery near their home in Hubbard.

The Elisha Dyer family was not enumerated in the 1860 Census. It is thought Joel joined his younger brothers in enlisting in the Confederate Army but his service record has not been located. Francis Marion served in Co H, 15th Arkansas Regiment, as a private until he received a medical discharge. William Perry enlisted in Co K of the 34th Arkansas Infantry. There is no description of the physical characteristics of the Dyers. It is written that in the 1870s, the average height of an 18-year-old American male was 5-foot, 5, not much taller than the average U.S. woman of today.(1995)

The post war years for the Dyer Family were of hardship and a period of adjustment. Nancy Emily Kidd had

lost her husband, home, and most of her resources. She was forced to return to her father's home in Hubbard. She had with her her youngest children, Cornelius, Laura Adeline, and Martha Clintonia.

Joel's sister, Trephonia, married John O. Parks in 1868. Two years later, Francis Marion married Anne Hannah. William Perry did not marry until later, when he took Rebecca Baggett for his wife.

As late as 100 years ago, farmers made up the largest population group in the United States. Farming was the main occupation in Northwest Arkansas. The Dyer men continued acquiring property in Mountain Township. In the 1869 Tax Records of Washington County, Joel was taxed for two horses $65.00, nine cattle $70.00, 28 sheep $42.00, and 34 hogs $30.00. He had more livestock than his brother Francis or his father Elisha.

Joel seemed to be the quiet one. Very little information has been found in the legal papers. In 1875, he served on the Grand Jury. His father, Elisha Dyer, died 15 February 1889. Joel's daughter, Malvina Adeline, was a teacher. She was a member of the Mathetian Literary Society. In June of 1894, a committee was formed with Storer Leverette as chairman and W.P. Mason, T.M. Norwood, and Mallie Dyer as members. They were to write a University of Arkansas publication, *Special Mathetian Number*. Aunt Mallie, as she was known to many, obtained degrees at the University of Arkansas and at Cornell University. She taught in Prairie Grove for many years. The April 4, 1918 edition of the *Prairie Grove Herald* announced that "Professor J.W. Webb and Miss Mallie Dyer, instructors of the Prairie Grove High School, left Wednesday evening for Little Rock to attend the State Teachers Association. Classes in the high school were suspended during the remainder of the week on account of their absence."

Recently, a former student of Miss Mallie, Mary Dean Gibson of Macon, Georgia, recalled the respect the students had for this dedicated teacher. They were in awe of her and tried hard to achieve the high standards she required. Her students were well prepared to pass the University of Arkansas English Entrance Exam. One hot summer day, as Mary Dean was walking by the Dyer home in Prairie Grove, she was startled to see Miss Mallie, her teacher, busy painting the house.

This exceptional personality possessed other skills. At the 11 October 1878 annual Prairie Grove Fall Fair, the teacher won an award for her white counterpane.

Malvina "Mallie" A. Dyer (1858-1943
Special Collections Division, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Myrtle McCormick Parks Family Papers (MC 723, photograph #116).

Aunt Mallie's will was handwritten as follows "I, Mallie Dyer being of sound mind do make the following disposition of my possessions. After all expenses attendant upon my last sickness and burial are paid, I do give and be-queath any residue of my property real and personal that I may die possessed of to Jim Parks. I appoint him my sole executor." signed, Mallie Dyer. Attest: Vincil B. Bell and D.E. Rieff. They filed Proof of Will 24

March 1943. Although Jim was related through both the Kidds and Dyers, perhaps he was a very good friend.

Miss Mallie died 22 March 1943 and was buried in the cemetery near the Illinois Chapel.

Lindsey Howard Dyer, son of Joel, never married. He died 12 March 1898 and was buried near the Illinois Chapel. The next year his mother, Laura Caroline Townsley, died and joined her son in the same cemetery. It is hard to reconstruct what happened to this family, for the next year, daughter Sarah Antonia, also unmarried, died. There is no record of the eldest daughter, Mary A. It is thought she married a Mr. Snider and they had a son Carl.

Joel continued to live in Prairie Grove with his daughter, Malvina (Mallie). His obituary, appearing in the *Fayetteville Weekly Democrat* March 1913, indicated he was 87 years old, death due to pneumonia. There is some confusion whether he died 29 March or 29 May 1913. He was buried in the cemetery near the Illinois Chapel. ❖

QUERY—*Laverne Willhite Hicks, 309 W. Kibler Hwy., Van Buren, AR 72956.* Searching for the parents of RICHARD W. OLIVER, b. 1822 in Tenn. The following OLIVERS moved into Washington Co., Ark. in the early 1830s: JOEL, JOHN, ISAAC, and ELI. There were also others who came from Tennessee at the same time. I need to know where Richard W. Oliver fits into these families. Richard moved into Crawford Co., Ark. in the 1840s and lived next door to Eli Oliver. Richard was married to a lady by the name of Elizabeth and had a child by the name of WILLIAM YELL OLIVER on November 1, 1847, while living in the Cane Hill area of Washington Co. He later had a son by the name of JAMES W. M. William Yell Oliver was our great-grandfather. ❖

Richard B. Greer

1996 Citizen of the Year

This is the third of three biographical articles that are appearing in *Flashback* concerning the recipients of the award for 1996 Citizen of Washington County. The three recipients of the awards presented at the October 6, 1996, luncheon were Juel Benbrook Hamblen Giles, Richard Baker Greer, and William Bush.

by Richard Baker Greer

I was born on Sunday morning March 1, 1914, in the Oriental Hotel (now Mountain Inn) in a northwest corner room on the third floor. My father, James R. Greer, took me out on the open porch and held me up to introduce me to the world and my mother, Ruth Baker Greer, took a picture with the Washington County Courthouse in the background. Now, 83 years later, I still celebrate my birthday in that room.

My mother said I could sing long before I could talk. She taught me to sing little songs and I would go down on the street and sing them, so my first career was that of a street singer. After my early start at four-and-a-half years on the steps in front of the hotel, I've been singing ever since in places like the Ozark Theater when it was an Opera House and the Old Main Auditorium at the University of Arkansas. I sang at the county-wide revival when I was six years old and I continued singing in junior high and high school.

I made my way through the University singing for radio station KUOA. I sang two mornings a week at the Boston Store where KUOA had its broadcasts until it burned down. I graduated from the University in 1936 with a degree in business administration. I was a boy soprano until my junior year in college. When my voice

changed, I became a baritone. After graduation, when the Kiwanis Club was formed in Fayetteville (1937), I became song leader—a position I still hold today. I served as president of the Fayetteville Kiwanis Club and as a division lieutenant governor in the Missouri-Kansas-Arkansas District.

When I was a sophomore in the University, I was asked to be the choir director at First Baptist Church and I served in that capacity for 17 years. The first year I sang at all of the CCC camps and over the years I served through the tenure of five pastors. I had resigned from directing at First Baptist because of the illness of my wife, but one night as we set around the table, she revealed that she was feeling better and knew how much I loved to direct and if I ever got another chance, to go ahead. Almost immediately. I was approached by Central Methodist Church to direct their choir. This life-long Baptist boy directed the Methodist choir for three-and-a-half years. Then when University Baptist Church was formed, I became their choir director for about eleven years.

Richard Greer

All during this time I sang at weddings, funerals, picnics, patriotic ceremonies, revivals, and anywhere people gathered for a good time. I sang on the Holsum Bread Show on the local radio and Gladys Sonneman played the organ. I sang a month in the spring and a month in

the fall for four years in churches in Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, Tennessee, and Maryland.

In my business life, I served Washington County as circuit clerk and ex officio recorder for ten years. I bought a Dexograph and started recording photographed deeds. Before that time the deeds on file were typed copies, rather than actual copies of the original. I decided because both of my grandfathers had been county judge, it was my destiny also. (Ben Greer was judge from 1908 to 1912 and Henry Baker was judge in the 1920s.) Unfortunately for me, a war hero (Bill Bush) was running and I was soundly defeated. Therefore, I went to work in my family's business, Greer Abstract Company. I installed the card system (a single card for every section, township, and range and platted subdivision). I served as president of the Arkansas Abstractor's Association in 1958 and traveled to many state and national title meetings. I was also a Quorum Court member for 20 years. I retired from the abstract business in 1977.

At this time I was singing at a restaurant in Eureka Springs and with the Hill Folks in Basin Park twice a week. The Jim Reed family (builders of Thorncrown Chapel) heard me sing and asked me to become director of music at Thorncrown Chapel. I worked there three years. I continued to sing at the Top of the Crescent, with the Hill Folks, at The Spaghetti Mill, and the Ukulele Club for about eight years.

When I left Eureka, I bought a computer and the software for doing a family tree. Over the next ten or twelve years I worked on genealogy. I discovered that my family came from Scotland by way of Ireland in the 1700s and stayed in Maryland for several years. It was there in 1714 that my branch of the family started on the Gunpowder River near the Great Falls. I traced them

from there to Kentucky and Tennessee and on down to Missouri. In about 1850 my great-great-grandfather with a large family of boys (nine) headed for Texas, but came down in the Evansville valley (in Washington County) where he stopped and bought a farm of about 700 acres. During the Civil War, all the boys but one were killed or died. My great-great-grandfather was killed and scalped by Indians. He was buried by neighbor women on the mountainside. My great-grandfather, James Woodall Greer, was 17 years old and joined General Stan Waite's army and fought in the Battle of Fayetteville. He married Mary Elizabeth Shannon, the great-great-granddaughter of Hugh Shannon—the first person to come to the Washington County area in the spring of 1828.

There is much more to tell, but for now let me close by telling you that there was once a article written about me calling me the "Singingest Man." That has always been my love. Where there was a song to be sung, I was always there.

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